

Gertrude Knaus
Instructor Literature Series—No. 512

STORIES OF THE STATES

INDIANA

By Harry M. Clem




PUBLISHED JOINTLY BY
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HALL & McCREARY, Chicago, Ill.

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INSTRUCTOR LITERATURE SERIES

The Story of Indiana

By Harry M. Clem

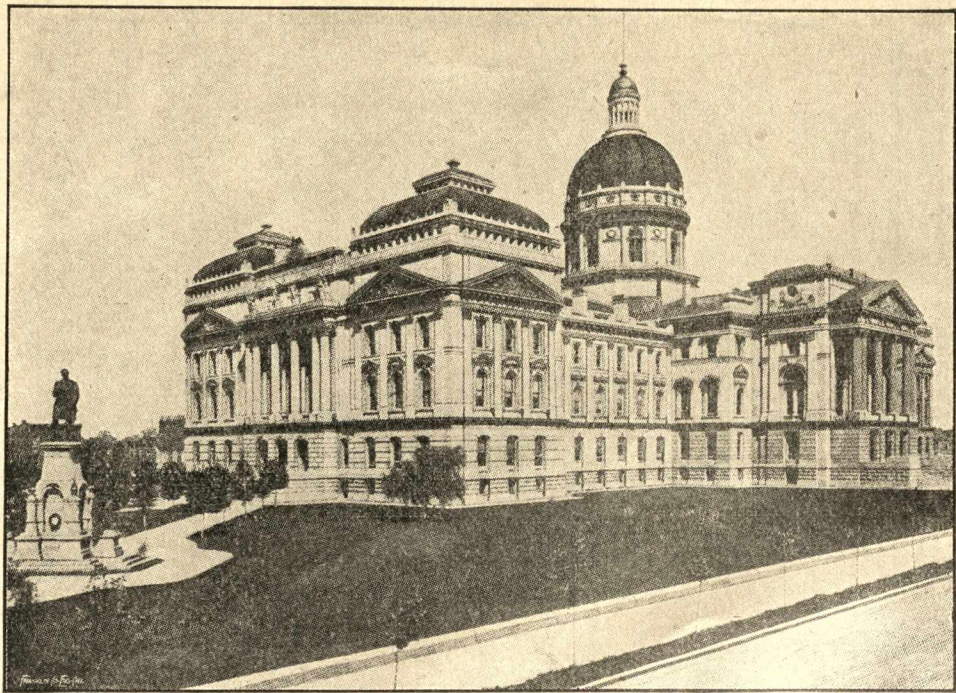
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PUBLISHED JOINTLY BY
F. A. OWEN PUB. CO., DANSVILLE, N. Y.

HALL & MCCREARY, CHICAGO, ILL.

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State Capitol at Indianapolis

The Story of Indiana

From thy gates came men of fame,
Proud the nation is to claim.

Glorious Indiana!

Great in story and in song,
Placing right against the wrong,
Noble sons and daughters pure
Make thy future promise sure,

O Indiana, O Indiana!

We sing to thee alone.

—From the song, "*Indiana*," by C. W. Harlan,
Warsaw, Ind. By permission.

The story of Indiana has its beginning millions of years before man came upon the earth and left a record of his deeds upon monuments, stone tablets and parchments. Yet we have not a man-written record of what happened in those almost inconceivably distant times while the earth was in the making. Nature is the author who wrote down what happened as the years were counted off in tens of millions, not in scores, as is done by man. The pages of her book are the great beds of rock that extend in wide layers beneath the surface of our state, the oldest pages underneath, the latest above. The letters and words of her book are the fossils of plants and animals that lived at different periods in the past and were buried in the muds of the sea floor which in time hardened into rock. Men of science, after long study, have learned to read the pages of Nature's book and have told us the story of what Indiana was long, long before man appeared to write down his own history.

A hundred million years ago, so we are told by those who know, the country of which Indiana is a part was dry land, with rivers flowing over it to some distant sea. Then there came a change. The land began to sink and in time all of that country was covered with sea water. Had you lived in those far-away days, you could have sailed in a ship on a dreary, silent sea above Indiana and her sister states and have seen no dry land. Had you stopped to drag a seine through the sea water or to dive to the sea bed, you would have found several kinds of little shell-covered sea animals, some with many sharp spines, some resembling the cray-fish, but you could have found no fish, because the day of the fish had not yet arrived.

The clock of time ticked off the years by thousands and even millions, and all the while great changes were occurring in Indiana. The sea bottom began to rise and continued doing so until a large portion of what is now the eastern part of our state was dry land—a large, low island in a wide, shallow sea. One could have gone dry-shod over the country where Cincinnati, Richmond, Muncie, and Logansport now stand, but the northern and the southwestern parts of the states were still under water. The land became green with vegetation, but plants of the fern and moss variety were the only ones to be found, for Nature had not yet invented trees like our oak, maple and elm, or plants that produce flowers and fruit. Grasshoppers, crickets and may-flies might have been seen, but there were no birds, frogs, and large animals. In the sea were corals and shelled animals but above them darted a wonderful new form of life. It was the fish, a great improvement over the shelled animals, for it was long and slender, was clad with a pliable covering of scale-like skin and had fins that enabled it to dart through the water.

The change continued, for the earth is always chang-

ing, and nearly all the state became dry land. In the southwest there were great swamps and morasses, and in them there grew great plants, some of them large trees. When these plants died and fell down into the bottom of the swamps, they were buried in the mud and made the coal that we now dig from the rocks of Indiana. Along the margins of the swamps one might have seen a sort of reptile that resembled a salamander; a little animal that was learning to live out of the water a part of the time—a new idea in that ancient world. There were as yet no snakes, no birds, no four-footed animals, like the horse, fox or bear. The earth was green, but there were yet no flowers, no fruits, no trees like the elm and oak. All of these things were yet to come, for it still was to be millions of years before Indiana would look as it does today. Had Father Time written down all that occurred in Indiana, he would have had a long and wonderful story for us to read. It would have told how the reptiles spread over the earth, how certain of the reptiles gained feathers and wings and a musical voice and became birds that flitted through the air; how the four-footed animals, like the panther, dog and cat, squirrel, mouse and rabbit, the horse, tapir and mastodon began to appear and make their homes in the forests, where the trees began to look like those in our own forests, and where fruits and flowers were to be found in abundance.

While he was writing this wonderful story of unfolding life in a warm climate, Father Time would have noted that the air was growing chill and cold and that the snow did not melt even in the summer. The unending cold was a portent of a wonderful event in North America, the coming of an Age of Glaciation. A great sheet of snow and ice formed in Canada and extended southward until all but the southern part of Indiana, once warm and forest clad, was covered with a great sheet of hard ice.

Had you stood upon a hill in Brown county and had eyes of telescopic power, you could have looked far over the great white sheet of ice to the east, north and west.



Map Showing Glacial Area in North America

Had you been high enough you could have looked northward to the Arctic Ocean over an immense sheet of ice which must have been two miles deep over central Canada. Turning your face southward, you would have seen no glacial ice, for the glacier did not cover that part of the state.

You might have seen vegetation

and animals of the Arctic lands living in that part of the state, for the glacier drove plants and animals before it as it moved southward. It is really a marvelous thing that so much of our country was once covered with a great ice cap, heavy and hard, where now we see forests, fields and cities.

In time the ice melted away because the climate grew warm again. The glacier left the surface of the state nearly level, but in it were many depressions where now we find the little blue lakes and the many miles of swamps

and bogs. Rivers began to flow, vegetation covered the surface, exchanging cheerful green for chilly white, and the animals came from the south and dwelt once more within our state. Huge elephants may have browsed on the hills or waded in the "plashy prairies," and a great sloth, the horse, wild hogs, deer, bear, buffalo, puma, wildcat, and many similar animals roved through the forests. "Millions of wings flickered where waterfowl whirled above the lakes, ponds and streams, intent upon taking the fishes, reptiles and aquatic insects with which the water teemed. Song birds, too, were everywhere in the woods, making a great sweet tumult of voices in all the groves and thickets."

That is the story of Indiana read out of the great Book of Nature. It describes the process by which the country became the stage upon which man entered and began his play. As you read you should try to imagine the great background of the story, the plains, hills, rivers, lakes, and forests, and the wild animals, for men play their daily life before Nature's background just as the actor gives his play before painted scenery. You might even imagine yourself present among the people of the bygone days or even as taking part with them, for then you will like the story better. You will see how the actors upon the stage change from time to time, you will see more plainly how the Mound Builders, Indians, Frenchmen, pioneers, and men of the present day entered in turn, played their part, and yielded the stage to others.

The First Men

Where did the first human inhabitants come from and when did they come? Nobody knows and probably nobody will ever know. We do know, however, that men lived in Indiana long ago, long before the little ships of Columbus touched our island shores, for they built a great

many mounds along the rivers of Indiana and these mounds are very old.

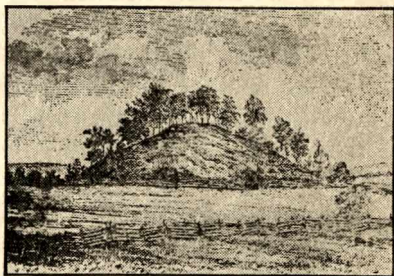
They built the mounds along the branches of streams in the southern part of the state. They preferred to place them upon the high ground, probably for protection from floods, for guides for friends, or for burial mounds and worshipping places. The mounds are piles of earth of various shapes. Some were cones as high as ninety feet; some were pyramids with flat tops; some were long and winding like a wall and very low. How these strange people built these mounds, we do not know, and why, we can only guess.

From these curious mounds we dig the skeletons of the Mound Builders, pottery, stone arrow and spear-heads, axes, and some weapons of copper. They wrote no books, and no Indians of today remember their traditions. We must depend upon our imagination for a picture of the appearance of these ancient people, who may have been the forefathers of the red Indians whom La-Salle found when he came to Indiana.

We may imagine that they lived in tribes scattered over the state, that they wandered along the streams and through the forests for their food or farmed little patches of ground near their mounds. They must have fought battles and hunted wild animals, for they had stone and copper weapons, and they may have used the mounds to fight from. We may imagine also that they lighted beacon fires upon the summits of the mounds to guide their friends and allies through the forests. We do not know how the children looked or played or quarreled; how the young men practiced deeds of valor or made love to the mound-maidens; how the old men and women sat about the dwelling on or near the mounds and counseled the young, or told stories of days long past and waited to take their last journey to some happy land. We can only sur-

mise that they were human and lived somewhat as their children, the Indians, did. History tells us nothing more and they vanish from our view. From the setting of the stage we have tried to judge of the life of the actors.

The "wild Indians" or Red men of the forest, who are the next people to enter upon the stage, and of whom we read in the stories of great explorers and hunters and in the history of the pioneers, are, of course, well known. They held the country even before Columbus touched our coasts. Our early



An Ancient Mound

history is woven in with theirs, and for that reason we shall hear much of them as we read the story of the white men in Indiana, who deprived them of their hunting grounds and drove them toward the setting sun.

The First White Men

Who was the first white man to visit Indiana? Again we must say that we do not know and never can, but we do know that a young schoolmaster of France, Robert Cavelier Sieur de La Salle, was the first white man who left a record of his visit to our state. He did not relish the task of teaching school all his life. Was it because he preferred to deal with Indians rather than French school boys? The spirit of the adventurer rather than the pedagogue was in his blood and he longed to explore the vast wilds of America and to deal in furs. He came to Montreal in 1666, at the age of twenty-three. There he met the fur traders who roved for hundreds of miles through the forests and he became acquainted with the

Indians. In two or three years he had learned seven or eight Indian tongues. He gathered Indians and white men about him and with them took journeys hundreds of miles long through the wilderness.

In La Salle's time, you should remember, the country was new. Great forests stretched all over the state as far west as Illinois, where the prairies began and extended westward far beyond the Mississippi. The Great Lakes, exposing their thousands of miles of blue surface to the sunshine, bore no large vessels, and only a few Indian canoes paddled along their pebbly beaches. A few Indian villages rested beneath the forests growing on the shores of the lakes, but thousands of people could have lived where tens were existing. The long rivers ran through silent forests, silent except for the song of birds, the croak of frogs and the calls of the animals, and only here and there could you have seen the canoes of the Indian floating on their placid waters which reflected the image of the great trees bowing their heads together above them.

One could have traveled for days and seen no human inhabitant, but game animals were abundant, according to old stories. Fur traders made fortunes out of the furs that were gathered from forest and stream and sent to Europe to adorn the wealthy people of that distant land. Among the fur-bearing animals were otter, mink, beaver, sable and raccoon. There were many other animals such as bears, deer, wolves, foxes, wildcats, pumas, lynxes, coyotes, buffaloes and many smaller animals. Buffaloes in Indiana! Buffaloes wading through the prairie grasses, standing in the streams, resting under the forest trees and whisking flies from their backs, going in long processions across the state to the salt licks of Kentucky, where thousands of them tramped the ground bare of all vegetation—that is a picture of early Indiana. The

buffalo made Indiana's first roads—the "buffalo trails"—and then went westward with the Indian.

This was the kind of Indiana that La Salle found. His first visit to the state probably was in the northwest. He built the first large boat on Niagara River above the falls, and with a party of white men and Indians he sailed up Lake Erie and Lake Huron and across Lake Michigan to Green Bay, Wisconsin. Here he sent his large boat back, loaded with furs, and with thirty-three men in eight canoes, he coasted southward and eastward about the lake until he reached the mouth of the St. Joseph river. A little above its mouth he built Ft. Miamis. He wanted to carry his boats from the St. Joseph across land to the Kankakee River, and from thence go westward to the Mississippi. His party could not find the portage place and to assist them La Salle went alone to search the woods. Hours passed and he did not return. His companions fired guns and sent men out to scour the country, but La Salle was not to be found. That night they sat muffled in their blankets, which were powdered by falling snow, and sadly wondered what could have befallen their brave leader. They searched for him the next day, but did not find him. About four o'clock that evening they saw him approaching the river, his face and hands blackened with charcoal, carrying two opossums which hung from his belt. It had happened that La Salle had lost his way while returning to camp and had to go around a marsh in a snow storm. He walked all the rest of the day and until two o'clock in the morning before he reached the river. He fired his gun, but heard no answering shot from his friends. Walking along the river he saw the gleam of a campfire through the thickets. He found no human being there, but a bed of dry leaves still warm as if some one had just been sleeping therein. La Salle called out in several Indian languages, but the

owner did not come. He coolly took possession of the camp, rekindled the fire, built a barricade of bushes about the spot and went to sleep. While he slept soundly from his weariness the smoke from the resinous pine wood blackened his hands and face.

The next day La Salle's men shouldered their canoes and made "portage," as they called it, over a desolate plain covered with snow and strewn with skulls and bones of buffaloes. Reaching an oozy spot where the soil quaked beneath their feet, they soon found a narrow, "dark and lazy current * * twisting like a snake among the weeds and rushes." This stream was the noted Kankakee, which flowed to the Illinois River. After a few days they reached the prairie lands of Illinois. They could see miles of burned-over prairie strewn with the carcasses and bones of buffaloes. In the distance they could see the campfires of the Indians at night, but they saw no human beings near the stream and could buy nothing to eat, nor could they kill any game. Fortune, however, came to assist them, for one day they found a large buffalo fast mired in the mud. They killed him, and twelve men dragged him from the mire and satisfied their hunger.

But here we must leave La Salle and his interesting adventures. He made a journey up the Wabash River past Fort Wayne and probably conferred with Indians in various places in the state, but the chief thing of interest about his story is that he gave us the first knowledge of Indiana.

Foreign Rulers of Indiana

Did it ever occur to you that Indiana has been ruled by kings, that the kings of Europe were interested in acquiring territory in America, encouraged their subjects to make settlements and to trade, sent their soldiers over to fight their enemies, and induced the poor Indians to engage in their quarrels and fight their battles? Such,

however, is the truth, and European kings influenced Indiana history until within a century ago.

The French were the first people to claim Indiana, and to hold it they built trading posts and forts. There were three important posts. The oldest, Quiatanon, near La Fayette, was founded in 1720. Vincennes was next founded and after that Ft. Wayne. All three of these posts were located along rivers, for the rivers were used as highways. These little posts were very simple places. A visitor there would have found a fort with a few houses about it, and all inside of a stockade or wooden wall. A few Indians might be camped outside. Very little food was raised in the gardens of the settlers, for most of the occupants were soldiers, hunters, and traders. The good priests of the posts were important persons, for they endured great hardships in order to help the Indians. They built little log churches and hung up the wooden cross and endeavored to induce the Indians to live good lives. They had little success, for the white men gave the Indians whisky and rum, which brutalized them and led them into gambling, quarrels, fights, murder and warfare. Denonville, as early as 1690, could say of the effect of liquor upon the Indians: "I have witnessed the evils caused by liquor among the Indians. It is the horror of horrors. There is no crime nor infamy that they do not perpetrate in their excesses." More than one hundred years later William Henry Harrison could say on the same subject: "You are witnesses to the abuses; you have seen towns crowded with furious and drunken savages; our streets flowing with blood; their arms and clothing bartered for liquor which destroys them; and their miserable women enduring all the extremities of cold and hunger. So destructive has the progress of intemperance been among them, that whole villages have been swept away."

Had the white man been kind to the Indian and not given him "fire water" to drink, there would have been less bloodshed in Indiana, and fewer early settlers would have lost their lives and homes. The white man was to blame, because he induced the Indian to fight his wars, buy his goods, and drink his vile whisky.

All the time that the French were holding the Indiana country the English were endeavoring to take it from them. After the French and Indian war was fought, the French had to yield all their possessions in America to the British, and now the English king held the rule in Indiana.

The British agents had control of the Indians. Hamilton was their chief leader, a man more cruel and barbarous than the Indians themselves. While the Americans in the East were fighting in the Revolution for their independence, a few desperate white men in the West induced the Indians to try to kill all of the few American settlers that could be found. Hamilton offered a reward of one pound in English money (now about \$4.87) for each scalp of a woman or child, or for them as prisoners, and three pounds for the scalp of a man. The white villains who led the Indians were more cruel and inhuman than the Indians themselves. After killing or capturing all they could, not listening to the cry of either children or gray-haired women, they burned the homes of all who were not friendly to the English.

Such a terrible condition could not go on. A noble champion came to the rescue of the settlers. He was George Rogers Clark, the greatest hero in the early history of Indiana. He came to Kentucky in 1775 and later made his home there. He secured permission from Virginia to lead a little body of men against the posts and to put a stop to the cruelty of the Indians and their inhuman white leaders. His men were volunteer back-

woodsmen, clad in buckskin and armed with their own flint-lock rifles and tomahawks. Loyalty to their leader, Clark, and hatred for the Indians and English spurred them to the great deeds they were to do. They started in boats down the Ohio near where Louisville now stands, shot the rapids, escaped the spies, and in four days and nights reached the mouth of the Tennessee River. Then they marched northwest across the country to take Kaskaskia. They broke into the fort at night, captured the governor asleep in his bed, and in fifteen minutes had the streets blockaded. The town was captured without bloodshed. The story is even told that Clark and his men went quietly to a hall where a dance was being held, and looked in at the door upon the dancers. The gay creoles, both men and girls, were greatly surprised when they saw Clark and his men gazing at them. They were told to dance on, but under the flag of Virginia, not that of Great Britain. Clark made friends of the inhabitants of the town and surrounding country.

Still another post was to be taken. It was Vincennes. Hamilton, who was at Vincennes, had engaged 400 Indians and 100 white men to help him hold the other posts and recapture Kaskaskia. Clark did not know that Hamilton was near when he started out to capture Vincennes. He had a large boat, called a "gally," built upon the Mississippi. It carried two small cannon, ammunition and supplies, and forty-six men. It was to go down the Mississippi and up the Ohio and Wabash to Vincennes to meet Clark, who was to lead a couple of hundred soldiers over land. The brave little army had only a few horses, no wagons, and no tents, and had to travel 160 miles in February. It rained constantly, and the men had no shelter nor any suitable place to rest or cook in. Cold, wet, and hungry, they marched for a week over plains covered with water. At last they came

to the Little Wabash, which was badly swollen. The men did not hesitate. They built a boat to carry baggage, and the horses and men waded or swam across in the cold water. Clark ordered any who would not cross to be shot, but nobody refused. The suffering of some of the weakened men was terrible, but all finally got across.

To encourage his men at one place where the water was deep and swift, Clark set a little Irish drummer upon the shoulders of a six-foot Virginia sergeant, and ordered an advance with the drummer beating the charge from his lofty perch, while Clark, sword in hand, gave the command to march. Amused at the game, his men lifted their guns above their heads and made their way across to dry land.

The men were famished, but no game was obtainable. Finally they saw a canoe paddled by Indian squaws coming up the river, and, capturing the boat, they found some buffalo meat, corn, tallow, kettles, etc. This great prize saved the day.

Going on for several more days through swamp and river—cold, hungry and fatigued they came within sight of Vincennes. The little boat had not yet arrived to help them and they were in very great danger, but Clark was brave, even daring, and formed his plans. He sent a note to the town telling all who were friendly to stay in their homes. Then he so marched his men behind low ridges that their banners seemed to show the people in the fort that he had a large army. That night they attacked the fort, firing from behind trees, palings and huts with such deadly aim that no Britisher could point and fire the cannon in the blockhouses. In the morning the fort was captured, Hamilton was conquered, and all the middle West was taken from the British, a glorious victory for Clark and his backwoods soldiers. There is, however, one sad sentence yet to write in this story. Though

Clark gave the United States so much land, it permitted him to reach a desolate old age and die in poverty.

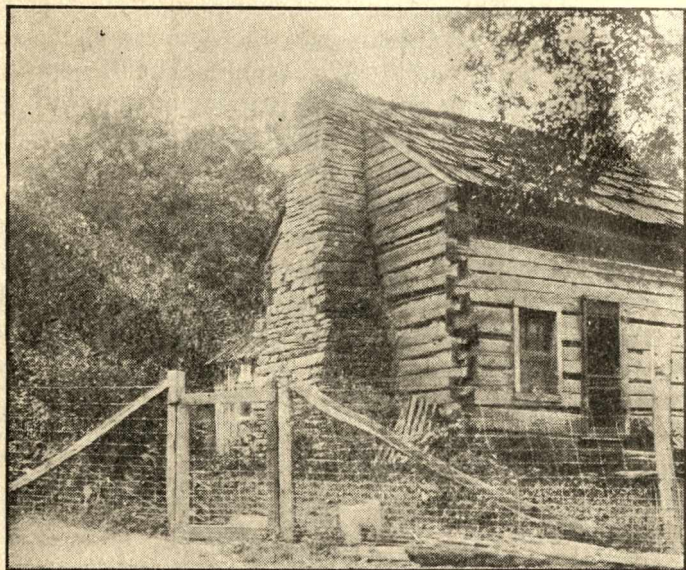
The Pioneer Settlers

A new chapter begins now in the story of Indiana. The Revolution is over and tens of thousands of settlers begin to pour over the mountains into the country along the Ohio, the Wabash and the Mississippi. The fur-bearing animals are growing scarce, the British and French have withdrawn, the Indians are still present, but they in a short time will follow the buffalo toward the setting sun. The story is now one of busy settlement, of clearing forests, planting fields, building roads and cities. While such stories do not interest some of us as do those of warfare and exploration, this story should be interesting simply because so many thousands of people were all at once engaged in settlement. The boy or girl who has seen grasshoppers or army worms invade a meadow or corn field may imagine that the pioneers came almost as thickly into the forests, which soon fell under the blows of their axes and melted into the air in the great bonfires in their clearings.

They came walking, for hundreds of miles to the new country; they came in wagons, pulled by horses or oxen; they drifted down the rivers toward the setting sun in hastily built boats; they came in any fashion that they could afford—but they came.

Sometimes one family occupied more than one wagon with their household goods and their implements, while extra horses, colts, cattle, sheep and sometimes hogs were led or driven behind. Sometimes several families came in a long, busy, noisy procession. Now and then there would be an old-fashioned carriage, set upon high wheels to go safely over stumps and through streams. The older women and children occupied these carriages. They

must have made a strange picture as they went bumping up and down upon the great leather springs as the carriage wheels ran over logs or slipped into ruts in the road. Such a trip was not taken lightly. It was almost as great an undertaking for our great-grandfathers to come



A Pioneer Cabin in Brown County

West among the Indians, forests, and malaria as it would be now for you and me to pack our trunks and go to central Africa. "It was surely no holiday jaunt. Only the brave started, and only the brave got through." Most of the people were young, newly-married couples with more hope than experience, but occasionally large families came. When a family had decided to go to the frontier, their departure meant a long farewell and occasioned many a heartache. When the day of departure came, the kinsfolk and neighbors assembled, prayers were offered,

hymns were sung, and a last goodbye was said before the wagon creaked off over the trail to the West.

The time in which to make the journey was long and much hardship was often experienced. The people camped under the stars. Occasionally some were surprised by skulking Indians and murdered and scalped by their own campfires. The howl of wolves could be heard about the camps, but they did little harm except when they killed the settlers' cattle or pigs. Game was plentiful in the forest and fruit was abundant, saving the emigrants from starvation on the way.

The first settlers made their homes in the southern part of Indiana. Some came across the Cumberland Gap and through Kentucky into the state, while others crossed the mountains and came to Pittsburg, where they floated in boats down the Ohio until the borders of the state were reached. Leaving the larger boats, the families paddled up some little stream or walked inland and found the place they liked for a home. They looked for good soil and a spring or a place where a shallow well could be dug. Often farms were located because of the presence of a good spring. The hills were settled before the river bottoms, because they were dryer and more healthful. When the place for the home was selected, the settlers proceeded to build a house or "Hoosier Nest" and clear a patch of ground to raise food for the family.

We might illustrate pioneer life by the story of one of them who came to Indiana in the early days. A young man, Jacob Bower, walked all alone from central Pennsylvania to select a farm in the forests of northern Indiana. He bought 160 acres of land along a creek for \$1.25 an acre and, securing his claim, he walked back to Pennsylvania, to return with his wife and child in a wagon. He at once built a cabin of logs, such as can still be seen in Indiana, and warmed it by a great fireplace built of sticks

and mud. He cleared a little patch of ground and planted corn, beans and potatoes so that his family might not starve. They gathered fruit from the forest and killed deer and other game for food. Bears, foxes, deer, and wolves were very plentiful, for his neighbors were miles away in the forest. Many a time the children heard the wolves howling at night about the stable, cow pens, and pigsties, which had to be tightly built. They even could look through the chinks of their cabin and see the bright eyes of the wolves luminous in the dark, and their ears were often startled by the fierce cry of a wildcat. The farmer always carried a torch when he came home at night, to keep the wolves at bay. The Indians had gone away a few years before, and therefore there was no danger from them. He had to make most of the things he used in the home or on the farm. He was his own cobbler, blacksmith, carpenter, and butcher, and his wife spun and wove the "linsey woolsey," linen garments, sheets, blankets, etc. He had to drive his hogs to market twenty miles away and he received very little money for them. Like some of his fellow settlers, he often did not handle fifty dollars a year in cash. Many farmers drove their hogs even fifty or sixty or more miles to market, but corn was not hauled far, for it could not be sold. It was too heavy to ship in those days unless it was made into whisky, which, strange to say, too many pioneers relished better than the corn in the form of pone, mush, and "dodgers." It took Bower two days to go to mill and return. Sometimes the roads were so bad that he could not haul more than ten or fifteen bushels of grain in one load.

For this pioneer family there was hard work, but with it good appetites and healthful sleep. Their evenings in winter were pleasant and appreciated. A great fireplace, that burned logs as large as two men could carry, made a

cheery crackle and glow while the cold wind whistled through the clearings and about the corners of the house. The glow from the fireplace showed rows of dried beef and strings of dried apples, peppers, and herbs along the wall. While nuts roasted and apples baked in the hot ashes, or corn popped, the older members told stories of Indians, bears, and "painters," or panthers, that made the eyes of the youngsters "bulge out" in deep interest. An occasional guest brought news of the outside world that was heard with breathless interest, and the itinerant preacher gave them a religious treat. Sometimes some one was sick and an herb, or "yarb doctor," or a regular doctor was called. The doctor carried calomel, jalap, castor-oil, salts, and a lancet, among other things. He would give calomel or oil and lance a vein to draw blood, or put on a mustard poultice that made the tough little youngsters think that they were hugging, by mistake, a red-hot stove lid. Malaria or "ager" was one of the most common diseases, because mosquitoes bred in millions in the swamps. Smallpox was a common scourge that left its victims dead or with horribly disfigured faces.



Tecumseh

In spite of all these hardships the members of the pioneer families lived long and useful lives, clearing up the country and making it comfortable for the people who live in the state at present.

In addition to the hardships of labor and disease that the sturdy pioneers endured, many of them had to protect themselves against the Indians. Their cabins often had port-holes from which they might shoot at the enemy. Farmers carried their rifles to the fields and stood them where they could seize them at any instant. Children were cautioned to stay near the cabin to avoid being stolen

by lurking Indians. The greatest danger was experienced from 1810 to 1812, for at that time a great Indian chief and warrior, Tecumseh, stirred the Indians to exterminate all the white settlers. He saw that the white men were taking all their lands; were giving whisky to the warriors, making them like old women who could not fight; and would soon drive his people in disgrace from the graves of their fathers. His brother, Lolawawchicka, a prophet who declared that the Great Spirit had made him bullet proof, assisted Tecumseh by preaching sermons to inflame the savages with intense hatred for these white invaders. Finally, in 1811, General William H. Harrison, governor of the territory, met the Indians with a small force at Tippecanoe. A desperate battle was fought on the morning of the 7th of November and Tecumseh and his warriors were hopelessly defeated and the power of the Indians was destroyed. Here and there, however, small bands of Indian marauders still attacked the settlers, destroying their lives and property.



The Last of the Tribe

The Government of Indiana

For a long time after La Salle visited our portion of the country, Indiana was governed, or we might say misgoverned, by rulers living in Europe. The French, as we have said before, ruled it at first. Then the English se-

M. W. Territory?

cured control of it until George Rogers Clark bravely wrested it from them. After the Revolution was fought and independence was won, all the region which is now comprised in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin was claimed by the United States and called the Northwest Territory. What should be done with this large territory was an interesting question. Thomas Jefferson wanted to divide it into five states and call them Sherronesus, Metropotamia, Assenisippia, Polypotamia, and Pelisipia, but his plan failed. Such names smelled too much of the lamp and libraries for the simple pioneers who knew more about the smell of gunpowder and the smoke of the clearings, and said "Illini" and "Injanny."

In 1787 Congress provided a government and in 1800 William Henry Harrison was made the first governor. His capital was Vincennes, which, though seventy-three years old, was still a little backwoods village. About 1500 people lived in and about the new capital. In all the remainder of his great domain of forests and prairies there were only about 4000 white settlers, of whom 2500 lived in Indiana.



William Henry Harrison

Had the governor wanted to visit his people, he would have had to travel through forests or prairies over Indian trails or on the rivers, and his journeys would have been hard and slow. To reach Mackinaw, in far northern Michigan, he would have had to travel over 500 miles, and there he would have found only 251 citizens. About 175 miles westward and across Lake Michigan he would have found the settlement of Green Bay, where he could have quickly shaken hands with all the people, because they numbered only fifty. Another long trip across land

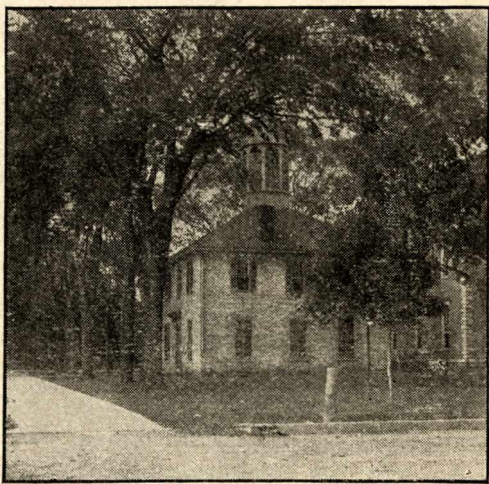
to the upper Mississippi would have taken him to Prairie du Chien, but there he would have found only sixty-five residents. Had he gone westward from Vincennes by an Indian trail for about 160 miles, he would have arrived at Kaskaskia, where 467 people could have greeted him. Going a short distance northward he would have found Cahokia, which boasted a population of 719. A journey eastward of about one hundred miles by Indian trail or a trip by boat down the Wabash and up the Ohio would have brought him near New Albany, where he would have met 1000 future Hoosiers. Having made these visits he would have seen nearly all of the scattered settlements.

In the great gaps between the settlements the inhabitants were wild animals and Indians. Chicago, now the fifth largest city in the world, was not to be founded for thirty-four years. Indianapolis, Logansport, Richmond, and in fact nearly all the cities and villages were not yet even dreamed of. What a wonderful change has been wrought in Governor Harrison's domains in 113 years! In his territory the governors of five great progressive states minister to over 18,000,000 people, scattered over rich farms where once stretched the prairies and great forests, or collected in cities, great and small, where a century ago the Indian camp lay or only bears and wolves roamed. In no other country in the world has there been in so short a time such a rapid and wonderful transformation as occurred in the Northwest Territory and the region just across the Ohio and the Mississippi. While the young governor, later to become president, ruled over this immense territory, the settlers whom we have described came in great numbers. The population soon increased so much that the great territory was made into five smaller territories, of which Indiana was one.

Corydon, in Harrison County, became the new capital of the territory of Indiana (1813), with Thomas Posey as

the governor, and it was the principal "city" of the territory. It was only a village, but here the legislature, clad in deerskins, came to debate matters of state and to gain experience in governing themselves.

In 1815 there were 16,000 people in the territory, scattered along the rivers and along the hills and valleys of the southern counties. The people now wanted Indiana to become a state. A constitution must therefore be written, and for this purpose they called a convention to meet at Corydon. When the delegates met in June, they found the weather as hot as in the torrid zone. It was too warm to sit indoors, and for the sake of comfort they



The Old State House at Corydon, Indiana

met outside under the shade of a huge elm tree. That immense old tree is still standing, and it will be pointed out to you if you will visit Corydon.

It was a most excellent constitution that was written beneath that historic old elm. It was fifty years ahead of the times, it was so liberal. For one thing, it founded the first free graded school system, such as we have now, so that a boy or girl might start in the first grade, pass through all the grades, go through high school, and finally through the university. Then, too, it provided that the

state should found asylums for the unfortunate, and that when punishment was given for crime it should be for the purpose of making the criminal better, not of taking vengeance upon him. It took nearly seventy-five years for us to carry out some of the ideals of those pioneer lawmakers. Jonathan Jennings, a popular young man of noble character, was elected as the first governor. On November 4th, 1816, the first General Assembly met. It was composed of ten senators and twenty-nine representatives,—a very small legislature, but the men were considered among the best of the state.

While the constitution was being written the new state house was being built. It was no larger than many graded school buildings in the small towns of Indiana, but it was large enough for its purpose. It is difficult for us, who have seen the Capitol building in Indianapolis and watched the busy life in that great city, to imagine how simple the life of this village capital a century ago must have been. We may gain some notion of how the people acted from the following description of those who came to the county seats:

"Thither flocked the men of the county upon all great occasions, to the trials and to the musters. They brought with them their own food in their wagons or on saddle-bags, and sought shelter in the court-house or under the great trees near by. The men were clad in deerskin trousers, moccasins, and blue homespun hunting shirts, with a belt at which hung a tobacco pouch made of pole-cat skin. The women wore gowns of homespun cotton and calico or gingham sun-bonnets. The country folk came to town on horseback, the



The portion of Indiana shown in black was in possession of the Indians as late as 1816. Only the southern part of the state was open for settlement.

women sitting behind the men on the same horse."

Great changes were now rapidly made in the state. The Indians gave up their claims to their land, most of them moving westward with the buffalos, and the entire state was open for settlement. In a very few years nearly every part of the state was occupied by settlers, who rapidly improved the country.

The New Capital

The people who lived in the northern part of the state soon found that the capital was so far away that they could not reach it without a great loss of time and much hardship. When they made their complaint loud enough, the legislature appointed three men to find a site for a new capital. They did the unexpected thing by locating it in the forests in the center of the state, and many people repaid their effort by declaring that they were crazy for doing so, for the place was sixty miles from the nearest villages, was a wet, malarious forest or "wilderness," and could be reached only by Indian trails. But the commissioners wanted to have the capital in the center of the state. They thought, also, that boats could run on White River and that the waterfall in Fall Creek would be large enough to turn all the "heaviest kinds of machinery." They were mistaken, however, for the little fall now is but a mere ornament in a park, and the river was not navigable. A single flatboat was coaxed up the stream in 1831, and was greeted by the people with cheers and shots from cannon, but it stayed only a few hours. While it was returning, its smokestack was scraped off by an overhanging tree limb and the boat itself ran on a sandbar, where it lodged for six weeks.

But the woods were cut down and the little village was started. Alexander Ralston, who helped to survey the city of Washington and knew how capitals should be built,

planned the new city, giving it wide streets radiating from the center. Then the infant had to be named. Some suggested Tecumseh, but that name recalled past horrors; others wanted "Suwarrow," but that did not seem agreeable; and they finally called it Indiana-polis, the word "polis" meaning city. The plan of the city was one mile square. A sugar-maple grove stood on the site of the soldiers and sailors monument, and large forest trees had to be cut down to open Washington and other streets. The new city grew very slowly at first, even though it was the capital. In 1824 Samuel Merrill, the Treasurer, brought the State papers from Corydon in a wagon and the government was "at home" in the new capital, very different from the great city into which it has so rapidly grown.

Building of Canals and Roads

But what a time the people had in getting to Indianapolis! There were no turnpikes, no plank roads, no canals in the state. Most of the roads were only trails through the forests, and often they were impassable for weeks or months. In driving a light wagon with but a scant load of furniture, it was often necessary to take out every piece of the load and carry it over the mud holes, while the horses could scarcely flounder through with the empty wagon. A judge tells this story of John Hagar, who hauled goods to Indianapolis from Madison:

"As I was traveling one day on horseback through the woods, between Indianapolis and Connersville, near where Greenfield now stands, I heard a loud voice before me, some half mile off. My horse was wading through the mud and water, up to the saddle skirts. I moved slowly on, until I met John Hagar driving a team of four oxen, hauling a heavy load of merchandise, or store-goods, as he called it, from Cincinnati to Indianapolis, then in the woods. He had been fifteen days on the road, and it

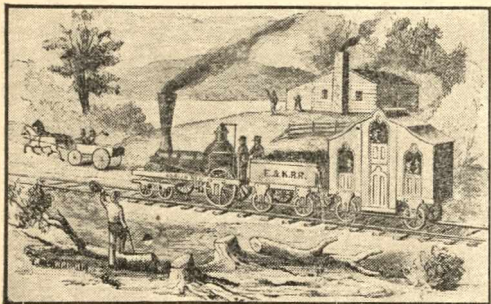
would take him three days more to get through. He stopped his oxen a few moments, but said he must move on, as they would be anxiously looking for him at Indianapolis, as they were nearly out of powder and lead when he left, and they could not get more until he got there, as his was the only wagon that could get through the mud between Cincinnati and Indianapolis, and it was just as much as *he* could do. He hallooed to the oxen, plied the lash of his long whip, and the team moved on at the rate of a mile an hour—the wheels up to the hubs in mud. Such was John Hagar, and his teams, carrying the whole commerce between the Queen City and the Railroad City of the West at that early day." (O. H. Smith; in *Early Indiana Trials*.)

Such roads meant that the farmers could not make money, for they could not ship their products away. Corn sold for ten cents a bushel, butter for from three to eight cents a pound, eggs for five cents a dozen, and chickens for five cents apiece. A farmer saw very little money and could pay very little tax to help build improvements.

But the people began to see that they must have roads, and they taxed themselves heavily to pay for them. They built corduroy roads by laying small logs across the road, side by side, but this was not satisfactory, for they jolted the driver dizzy and the logs broke or rotted. They spent thousands of dollars for plank roads, but the planks warped and rotted and broke.

Then there came a new idea. The Erie canal had been opened, allowing western people to ship their products to New York, where they could sell at good prices. The Hoosiers who, although clad in deerskin and "linsey woolsey," were up to date in ideas of progress, demanded that a canal be built from Lake Erie up the Maumee past Ft. Wayne to the Wabash and down that river. They voted money and contracted a debt so large that they

could not pay it off, but the canal was constructed. It was a great day when the canal was opened in 1834, and the residents joyfully greeted the first canal boats "hurrying" along at four miles an hour, for it meant that they were no longer an isolated backwoods people.



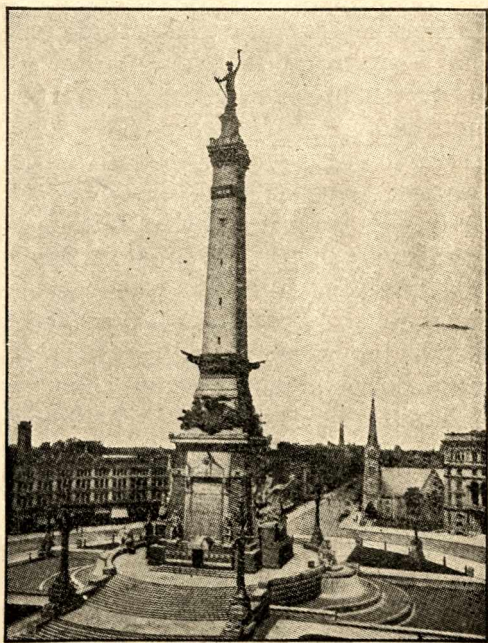
An Early Locomotive

But very little use was made of the canal. The "iron horse, snorting steam from its nostrils like a dragon of old fairy stories," was beginning to try its powers in the East.

There began to be a demand for railroads in Indiana. The people of Indianapolis especially wanted railroads, that they might get out of the forests and trade with the rest of the country. The Legislature said, "Let there be railways," and railways were quickly built. The first railway, built in 1839-1847, ran from Madison to Indianapolis. When the first train came in from Madison the people made it a gala day. "Immense crowds" came to town, and the governor made a speech from the top of a car (probably the first of its kind in the state.) Indianapolis began to grow rapidly after that event and more roads were ordered built, for railroads were the life of that city. A little later another road was built between Indianapolis and Terre Haute. Since those days railways have been built in every direction in Indiana until there are few localities more than twenty miles from a railway. Today Indianapolis is the largest interurban center in the world.

While the farms were being cleared, factories started, and cities and railroads built, the people of Indiana were interested in the war with Mexico and in the long continued discussion of slavery. Indiana was a free state, but strange to say, she came very near to taking sides with the South against the North, because a very large percentage of her population were southern people. Had she done so, it is doubtful whether the North would have won the victory.

Indiana lies between Kentucky and Lake Michigan, and for that reason it forms a sort of bridge between the North and the South, and at the same time it is a cross-road between the East and the West. Had the slavery people succeeded in occupying it, they could have cut the East off from the West and could have made their way into



Soldiers and Sailors Monument, Indianapolis.

the Great Lakes, where they might have done much to cripple the cities and the commerce of the lakes. But the South did not succeed in capturing the state. Governor Morton, Indiana's great "war governor," worked hard for the Northern cause, sending large numbers of

brave soldiers to the ranks and so conducting the government of the state that the enemies of the North in her borders could not turn her in favor of the South. To tell any stories of Governor Morton or other friends of the state, or of the deeds of her soldiers in the field, or of the heroism of the men and women who remained at home and worked for the cause, is not possible in this little book. You can hear them from the lips of people who remember those days.

After the war was over the soldiers returned peacefully and went to work upon the farms, or in factories and business houses, or helped to carry on the work of building railroads and cities. The state then made great strides in prosperity. Cities grew so fast that, like some children, they seemed to suffer from growing pains. Many new factories came to Indiana. In 1889 somebody accidentally discovered the great gas wells, which promised instant wealth, and people grew intensely excited about them. Thinking that the gas was inexhaustible, they let it burn above the wells in giant flambeaux which could be seen for miles around, and farmers allowed gas to burn in their stoves both day and night to save the trouble of turning it out.

Indiana has been wasteful of her resources—heartlessly, ruthlessly wasteful. Her people have cut down and burned up millions and millions of dollars' worth of some of the finest timber trees in the world. They have wastefully mined much coal and allowed the petroleum and natural gas to escape from the wells in unnumbered millions of barrels or cubic feet. They have killed off the game animals; they are draining her beautiful lakes gems of azure set in her necklace of emerald, the beauty spots of the state; they are wasting the precious soil that gives life to her millions of inhabitants and promises life to her future generations.

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- 3 *Courtship of Miles Standish*. With Introduction and Notes. 10c
- 5 *Vision of Sir Launfal*. Biography, introduction, notes, outlines. 10c
- 7 *Enoch Arden*. Tennyson. Biography, introduction, notes, outlines, questions. 10c
- 9 *Great Stone Face*. Hawthorne. Biography, introduction, notes, outlines. 10c
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- 13 *Wordsworth's Poems*. Selected poem with introduction, notes and outlines. 10c
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- 33 *Silas Marner*. Eliot. Biography, notes, questions, critical comments, bibliography, 230 pages Pap. r. 20c
- 34 Same in cloth binding. 30c